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JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

No. 15

AUGUST 1, 1898.

Vol. XXXIII.

HOLINESS
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GEORGE Q.
CANNON
EDITOR.

SALT LAKE
CITY
UTAH.

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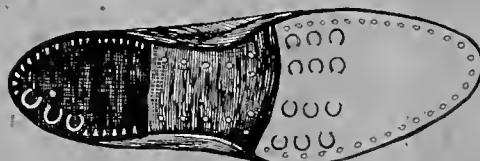
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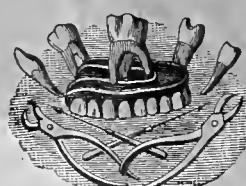
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Wednesday	" 3rd, Rathbone Sisters.
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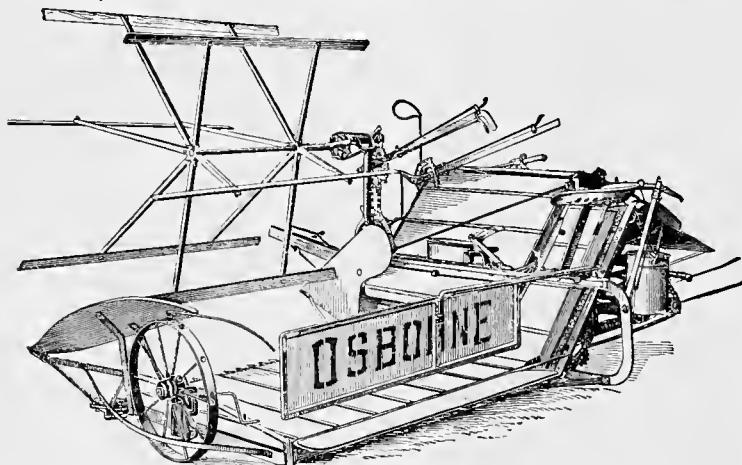
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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.

VOL. XXXIII.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 1, 1898.

No. 15.

IN THE LAND OF THE CZAR.

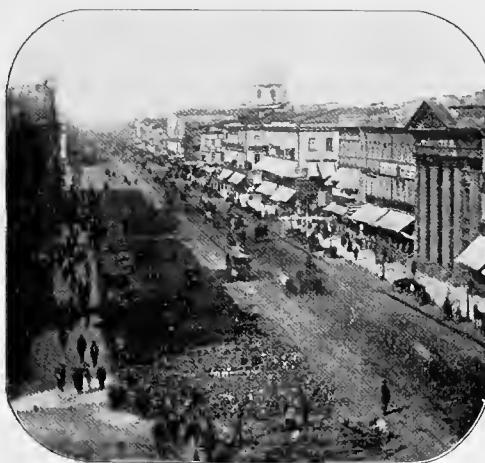
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IN approaching St. Petersburg by water from the west, we follow the Gulf of Finland to its extremity. This is the favorite avenue of travel to the Russian capital. The last stage of the journey is interesting in the many works of human construction, even though the natural scenery be monotonous and simple; while on every other side, the city is bounded by a veritable wilderness. Twenty-five miles down the gulf, the voyager finds himself beneath the frowning guns of Kronstadt, the so-called port of St. Petersburg; and the most nearly impregnable of all the fortresses on the Baltic. A town has sprung up about the forts, but with the exception of a few large buildings, the unfortified portion is but an insignificant appendage to the embattled structures. If this be the traveler's first sight of a Russian town, he will be impressed by the dwarfed appearance of the one story dwellings, and by the glare of

their brilliantly colored roofs. Kronstadt is situated on the little island of Kotlin, and commands the entire water way. The aspect of the place is assuring to friend, and equally forbidding to foe, promising a warm welcome to vessel or fleet that would attempt an entrance to the Neva against the will of the authorities. The spires and gilded domes of the imperial city are visible soon after the fortified port has been passed; yet but little can be made out from a distance however short; as, on account of the low situation, only the most prominent buildings of the city rise above the water horizon.

And now, as we are nearing the modern capital of the great

monarchy let us prepare ourselves for a closer inspection, by becoming acquainted with some of the unusual conditions which resulted in the establishment of the city, and by learning something of the man who made it. Its site controls the passage from the gulf to Lake Ladoga, the largest of European lakes; and this position is of considerable im-



NEVSKI PERSPECTIVE, ST. PETERSBURG.

portance in military and naval operations. Many a contest for the possession of this spot was waged between Sweden and Russia; but in 1703 Peter the Great made good his claim through the argument of blood, and straightway proceeded to erect a city there, which was to bear his name, and to be the chief seat of his empire.

When in 1682, after repeated struggles Peter, a youth of seventeen years, ascended the throne, he immediately entered upon the task of instituting many needed reforms, and this difficult work he prosecuted with a vigor that drew forth the wonder of his contemporaries and that has held the admiration of the world till the present time. He realized the natural poverty of his country in the matter of sea coast possessions, and his constant complaint was, "Russia has too much land without water." His first work of attempted conquest was directed toward securing an extension of coast facilities; and with this purpose in view he visited southern Russia, and forced a conflict with the Turks for supremacy in the Black Sea. In his preparations for this contest the man showed his wisdom and his strength. Realizing his own inferiority in the practical affairs of war, he placed the command of his army in the hands of efficient officers, while he, the emperor served in the ranks as a volunteer. His first attempt to capture Azov the "key to the Black Sea" was unsuccessful; but seemingly without a thought that final failure was possible, he renewed the attack, and within a year after the first defeat, he became the master of Azov, and so gained for Russia her first port and harbor in the south.

He sent a number of his young noblemen to various cities of western Europe, with instructions to study the

methods of other nations in naval matters, and with characteristic energy he forbade, on pain of death, their return before they had gained proficiency in the work assigned. But even this method of securing for his people the needed knowledge and skill did not satisfy him. Chafing with impatience, he formed the surprising yet heroic resolution of traveling in person, and of learning by actual experience the useful trades. In 1697 he entrusted three nobles with the powers of government, and set out, in disguise, to search for knowledge. In Holland he hired himself out as a laborer, and worked at whatever promised the coveted experience, becoming rope-maker, blacksmith, and ship-carpenter by turn. His return to Russia was hastened by reports of revolts at home: these disturbances he quelled with such terrible cruelties as to effectually discourage any renewal of the rebellion.

Then followed the war with Charles XII. of Sweden. After an ignominious defeat at Narva in the year 1700, in which the Russian army of twenty thousand was utterly routed by eight thousand Swedes, Peter, far from giving way to discouragement, simply commented, "The Swedes will have the advantage of us at first, but they will teach us how to beat them."

Three years later he had won the Swedish possessions in the Gulf of Finland, and among them the site of St. Petersburg.

Here he would have a city, so as to provide "a window by which the Russians might look into civilized Europe." Most large cities have grown by slow process of development; they have usually attained importance through advantages of situation and resource; they have been the product of natural

and gradual progress; but St. Petersburg presents an exceptional instance—that of a city made to order in spite of disadvantages, numerous and strong. It is unique among cities of the world, and stands as a testimony of the indomitable will of a strong leader, and a monument of autocracy despotically enforced. The startling decision of the czar to establish his capital at this place was regarded as insanely rash; for it would have been difficult to find a more uninviting situation. Yet this stroke of mad determination was quite in keeping with his many other departures from the course of ordinary procedure.*

* Peter the Great persistently refused to follow the established customs of his predecessors in the imperial office. He had little sympathy for science, philosophy and art for their own sakes, and considered as the greatest of his peoples' deficiencies their lack of practical knowledge, and of utilitarian inclination. Wallace says of him, "Peter * * * played in the calm, dignified, orthodox, ceremonial world of Moscow, the part of the bull in the china shop, outraging ruthlessly, and wantonly all the time-honored traditional conceptions of propriety and etiquette. Utterly regardless of public opinion and popular prejudices, he swept away the old formalities, avoided ceremonies of all kinds, scoffed at ancient usage, preferred foreign secular books to edifying conversations, chose profane heretics as his boon companions, traveled in foreign countries, dressed in heretical costume, defaced the image of God and put his soul in jeopardy by shaving off his beard, compelled his nobles to dress and shave like himself, rushed about the empire as if goaded on by the demon of unrest, employed his sacred hands in carpentering, and other menial occupations, took part openly in the uproarious orgies of his foreign soldiery, and, in short, did everything that 'the Lord's anointed' might reasonably be expected not to do. No wonder the Muscovites were scandalized by his conduct, and that some of them suspected he was not the Tzar at all but Antichrist in disguise. And no wonder he felt the atmosphere of Moscow oppressive, and preferred living in the new capital which he had himself created."

The Neva, which, higher in its course flows as a clear, broad, though comparatively shallow stream, here divides into three main branches, and encloses a number of low islands, which, before the work of human reclamation, were little better than a succession of morasses. For even small structures, piles had to be driven, and the stone for building had to be brought from great distances. The labor was so severe, and the discouragements so great that the czar's advisers counseled an abandonment of the work even after years had been devoted to it; but Peter seemed unable to conceive of failure. He directed the work in person, often indeed taking a hand at the tools himself; and the little wooden house which sheltered him during that time is still preserved, and forms today one of the sights of St. Petersburg. Thousands of the peasantry were brought together from all parts of the empire, and every soldier not engaged in the active service of war was put to work in the accomplishment of the great purpose. The style and situation of buildings were fixed by imperial decree; nobles and rich merchants were summoned from their distant homes, and ordered to erect residences and business houses in the growing city, even though commerce and agriculture were for the time entirely stopped. Every vessel, from the row-boat to the merchantman, was pressed into use for the transportation of building material, and farm wagons and peasants' carts were similarly forced to yield their tribute of unpaid service. The erection of stone buildings in other towns was rigidly prohibited, until St. Petersburg had been created. For nine years the work was pushed with relentless vigor, and with an utter disregard of cost; either of money or of life. It is re-

corded that during those years more than a hundred thousand soldiers and laborers lost their lives in the prosecution of the work; they succumbed to the severity of the weather, the weakening effect of incessant toil, scarcity of food, absence of shelter, and the unhealthful surroundings.

But at the end of the nine years, a city both beautiful and vast adorned the site of the one-time desolate swamp. Yet the city was without inhabitants; this difficulty was removed through another imperial ukase, which commanded an extensive migration to the new capital; and soon every rank of Russain society was abundantly represented there. The latest census shows for St. Petersburg a population of over 1,250,000; but of these only the poor remain there throughout the year. Man has adorned and utilized, but has not yet purified the place, and every return of spring is the signal for a general exodus of all whose circumstances permit them to take up a summer abode in a more healthful locality. The death rate of the city remains distressingly high.

One of the great difficulties encountered by the determined czar in founding the city, was the sullen reluctance of his subjects to further the design. Prof. C. Piazzi Smyth has written upon the subject: "Autocrat as was Peter by birth and law, gifted too to lead and command his subjects' inclinations and obedience, yet he felt himself unequal to overcome their scruples to the site of St. Petersburg,—without enlisting on his side the name of one who had lived so long before him, that he had actually to go up through the whole period of the history of Moskoia (Moscow) and into the indistinct Vladimir and Novgorod age beyond, to find the hero. So from the banks of the inland Volga, did he

transport the remains of old St. Alexander to the new habitation preparing for him on the sea mouth of the western Neva; and when the monks, disliking the cold and damp of the Finland morass conveyed back again the sacred remains by night, and gave out that it was a miraculous return of the saint himself to his Volga-side sanctuary, the great Peter, who could not afford to lose the advantage of such a moujik-compelling influence to his new metropolis scheme, not only brought the remains



NICOLAI BRIDGE, ST. PETERSBURG.

back once more, but let the monks know in very straightforward language, that he would hold them answerable for any more miraculous peregrinations of the reliquary bones."

But now, let us turn to the St. Petersburg of today. The fact already stated that the low situation of the city renders the place almost invisible to an observer at a distance, affords him a pleasing surprise, even a revelation, as he enters the city. On every side there is an aspect of vastness; the branching river, the canals, the bridges, the open squares

and public gardens, the cathedrals and monuments, all are on a colossal scale. I have referred in a previous writing to the very general work of repairing which greets the visitor who enters a Russian city during the summer months. The rigors of winter result in great injury to buildings, streets and everything of artificial construction, and the brief season of warmth is devoted to the labor of renovation*. In the picture of the Nevski Perspective, the principal street of St. Petersburg, the paving blocks are seen to be in process of renewal, and everywhere mending is in progress. As will be seen from the photograph, the general appearance of the street is decidedly modern; indeed there is nothing un-European in architecture or plan.

* "The whole enterprise of founding and maintaining St. Petersburg was and is a struggle against nature. The soil is a marsh, so deep and spongy that a solid foundation in many places is obtainable only by a subterranean scaffolding of piles. Were it not for these, the city would sink into the marsh, like a stage-ghost through the trap door. Every building of any magnitude rests on piles; the granite quays which line the Neva rest on piles. The very foot pavements cannot be laid upon the ground, but must be supported by piles. The remark was made by an English resident of St. Petersburg, that larger sums had been expended under ground than above. A great commercial city is maintained, the harbor of which is as inaccessible to ships, for six months in the year, as the centre of the desert of Sahara. In the neighboring country no part produces anything for human sustenance save the Neva, which furnishes ice, and fish. The severity of the climate is most destructive to the erections of human hands; and St. Petersburg, notwithstanding its gay summer appearance, when it emerges from the winter frosts, resembles a superanimated belle at the close of the fashionable season, and can only be put in proper visiting order by the assiduous services of hosts of painters and plasterers. Leave the capital for half a century to the unrepaired ravages of its wintry climate, and it would need a Layard to unearth its monuments." —Sears.

Of the many bridges spanning the Neva, one is selected for illustration here. This is the Nicolai bridge; and unlike most of the bridges which are of wood, this is a permanent structure of iron and granite. A terminal section is separate and pivoted, this may be swung aside to permit the passage of large boats. The small building seen at the front end of the bridge as pictured, is a chapel dedicated to the patron saint, St. Nicholas; in passing the shrine every pious Russian is supposed to bare his head and make the signs of worship. The wooden bridges are really floating carriage-warp supported on pontoons; they are built in sections which are removable; and every year are taken out during the season of greatest danger of destruction from pack-ice.

J. E. Talmage.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FERDINAND'S STRATEGY.

THE sun shone brazenly in the little mesa, and even the herd seemed susceptible to its hot glow. Scattered along the river edge and the lower hillside they grazed sleepily, with their big, mellow orbs half-shut.

Ferd looked down at them from his post on the hillside, wondering since he was to be a shepherd, if it would not be better that he too were encased in the comfortable thick hides which made the animals at least a little less impervious to the heat.

It was hard watching, these hot July days, when one's eyes closed almost in spite of himself, and every shady nook invited one to drowsy comfort.

Nothing less imperative than the strict discipline of his uncle's establishment could keep him awake and alert, as one must needs be, with some of the

finest stock on the ranch under his supervision, and lawless Mexican cattle-thieves within easy distance, who would not hesitate to drive off a stray from the herd if they had the opportunity.

Ferd reminded himself of this fact, as he found himself nodding dangerously under the shade of the scrub-oak where he sat with his dog. It was proof of the potency of the spell of drowsiness that existed, that Touse could be stretched in actual sound slumber, and as this usually faithful cow-watcher was for the present valueless, Ferd gave an extra sharp glance around to see that none of the cattle were straying.

The cattle were all there, even to Black Moll, the pig, who, disdaining the society of her kind and kin, devoted herself exclusively to the company of the cows as much as Touse did, only that Touse was wont to run the wanderers down and bring them back, while Moll enjoyed straying as well as any of her bovine friends.

The story of Moll's eccentricity was the choicest bit of history going about the ranch. In trying to get some corn that had fallen through cracks in the corn-crib under the barn, she had managed to wriggle through the hole made by two broken boards, and finding food plentiful, had been in no hurry to extricate herself from her retreat, though the ranch hands had tried in every way to induce her to move.

With the water, which was shoveled under the barn daily, providing against suffering in this way, she continued to live under the barn for two weeks, when one day she suddenly appeared, having almost broken her back in her attempt to get out. Her exile had changed Moll materially, however, for when she came back to outer life she displayed an absolute contempt for her companion

pigs, confining herself to the companionship of the cows.

There were a pair of dun-colored Jersey cows to which she seemed particularly attached, and the spot where these chanced to be was a certain indication of Moll's whereabouts.

Ferd saw the three now close together, near the outer line of cattle, and smiled as he thought of Moll's queer partiality. But oh! how hot it looked down there in the valley. The glaring sunlight seemed almost to scorch the grass. Ferd put his hand over his eyes to shut out the glare as he stretched himself out in the shade of the tree. On the grass near him the dog slept peacefully. Presently a lizard crept out from under a rock near by and ran close to Ferd's head. It paused a moment, its small eyes intently regarding him. Then it scampered over the hand shading his eyes. Ferd did not move. Below in the valley the cattle grazed sleepily. One, two hours passed. The sun had ceased to climb and had now begun its downward path to the western horizon.

Ferd opened his eyes with a start. Touse was down by the river edge barking and scampering wildly after some cows that were making for a bridge down the stream. Ferd roused himself with an effort and watched the dog round them in with sleepy eyes. It did not take long, for Touse had had liberal training and knew just how to bark and scamper about a cow till she was glad to turn back for mere sake of peace. As Touse raced in with the strays, Ferd, who was just beginning to realize how much lower the sun was than when he had last looked at it, stood up and began hurriedly to count the herd. When he had finished he went over it all once more. Thirty-three, there was no mistake, and before he had closed his eyes

the thirty-five were all in the valley. He got up on a big boulder on the hill above and looked around. Apart from the herd there was no sign of an animal anywhere in sight. He went to where his pony was tethered at the foot of the slope, and mounting her rode swiftly around the spur of hills that cut off view of the lower valley. His new vantage point gave him command of a stretch of level plain for at least two miles on either hand, and in that area no sign of the cows was visible.

Ferd's heart sank as he thought of the home-going. What would his uncle say when he knew that he had slept at his post? He could guess beforehand the stern look that would come into his face, and who could tell that it might not result in his being sent back home? Ferd shuddered as he thought of it. His short life-history had been an unhappy one. His father had died while he was a baby, and his mother, marrying again, had recently died. The husband's sister had come to take charge of the household, and Ferd, being now something of an alien in the home circle, led a most unhappy life.

A few months since his mother's brother had come to see them, and seeing how his nephew fared, offered to take him to his home. The change was a comparative paradise to Ferd, for though his uncle was somewhat stern and the government of his household strict, there were no beatings, and he could not feel thankful enough for his timely release.

There were no idlers permitted at his uncle's ranch, and Ferd was given charge of the herd through the day. Uncle Henry had already suffered considerable loss through the carelessness of his hired herd-boys, and in entrusting Ferd with the charge of the cattle,

he had impressed upon him a clear sense of his responsibility.

It was with sorrowful heart that Ferd reflected upon the possible outcome of his mid-day sleep. If the cows were stolen it would mean total loss, for it was not easy to gain possession of cattle that had been rebranded. If there were only some one here to go in search of them at once it might not be too late to save them! He looked back longingly in the direction of the ranch. If only one of the hired men would appear! But there was no one in sight in that direction, though a horseman had just turned the bend in the other direction, and was coming towards him.

It was Joe Riley, a boy of nineteen, who sometimes worked for Ferd's uncle, and Ferd hailed him with eagerness. "Have you got anything special to do, Joe?"

"No. I've been trying herding over at Rubbys, but they were too tough for me and I left."

Ferd told him about the strays.

"I want to ask you if you won't stay with the herd till I take a look for them. I can't bear the thought of going back without them."

"I don't wonder," said Joe with a smile. "I wouldn't face your uncle with the news for fifty dollars, if I'd been to blame. By the way, I wonder if the animals Sam Smith told me about could have been yours. He passed our place awhile ago and asked me if we'd lost any animals. Said he'd seen two cows and a black pig makin' tracks towards the top of Hyde's hill as fast as their legs could carry them."

"Black Moll and the Jerseys!" exclaimed Ferd. He had not had time to notice which of the cows were gone or that Black Moll was not among those

left, but Joe's story left him no doubt as to the identity of the strays.

"You'd better get on your horse and go after them as quick as you can," said Joe. "I'll stay with the herd till you get back, and if you don't catch up with them before sundown I'll drive the rest home."

Ferd thanked him and hurriedly proceeded to act upon his advice.

As he turned to gallop away he called out, "Tell uncle I shan't come back till I can bring them with me, Joe."

"You'll be braver than I would be if you come back without 'em," laughed Joe."

But Ferd had put spurs to the pony and was galloping swiftly away.

"Hyde's hill, where the cows had been seen last, was a distance of two miles to the north. With Bess at her best, it did not take long to reach the spot, and spurring the mare up to the easy ascent, Ferd passed the crest and looked eagerly around. He could see no sign of the strays, and as the valley below was broken, by big clumps of timber, he was afraid that his search was to be a difficult one.

Riding down the hill he left the road and rounded the nearest stretch of trees, hoping to gain a glimpse of them beyond, but without avail. In the clearing a short way ahead he espied a house and rode up to the door. An old man answered his knock and Ferd hastened to put his question.

"Jerseys?" he repeated. "Why I saw two Jerseys and a black pig about an hour back skirting along them trees the other side of the road. They was drivin' by a man a-horseback; looked like one o' the Rugby gang, but I couldn't make out for sure because o' the distance and the sun bein' in my eyes. If the Rublys

have got hold of 'em you might's well go back home."

"Where is Rugby's place?" asked Ferd with sinking heart.

"It's about five miles northwest o' here; you keep the road there till you're clear o' the next strid o' woods and then take the one that turns west."

Ferd touched Bess lightly with his spurs and galloped away. It was nearing sundown, and there was no time to lose. It was in fact just as the sun sank from sight below the hills that he came in sight of Rublys, which was known as the haunt and refuge of outlaws throughout the country.

In his ride to the ranch Ferd had mentally formulated a daring plan. He knew the Rublys by reputation well enough to guess that if the strays had fallen into their hands, he could not hope to regain them except by strategy. His uncle had suffered once before through their trickery, and though the clue given him by the old man was an indefinite one, it was the best and only one he at present possessed.

Riding boldly through the gates which were still unfastened, he spoke to a couple of men who were washing their hands and faces at a pump in the back yard.

"Is Joe Rugby here?" he asked.

"I'm Joe Rugby," answered the elder of the two, eyeing Ferd as he wiped his hands on the rough towel. "What might your own name be?"

"I'm Pete Rider's step-son," replied Ferd, his knowledge of some of his step-father's dealings with the Rublys making him use his name with assurance.

"You're all right then," the man answered with tardy cordiality. "Pete Rider's a good fellow, and I'll be glad to hear what word he has sent."

"I've come to see if you want a herd boy," said Ferd. "I heard you was without one, and I thought maybe you'd give the job to me."

"You're right about our wantin' one, and if you think you're fit for the job I don't see why you shouldn't have it."

"I've herded nearly ever since I can remember," said Ferd confidently.

"Well, I guess if you can suit Pete Rider you'll suit us," said Jake with a meaning laugh. "Did you come purposin' to stay tonight?"

"Yes," said Ferd, stoutly.

"Had your supper?" Jake questioned.

"No," Ferd answered. "I haven't hab anything to eat since breakfast."

"Well, I guess you're ready for a meal then? Tie your horse to the fence there and come in to supper."

Ferd did as he was bid and was led into the kitchen, where a half dozen men were already gathered at the supper table. Jake introduced him by stating Ferd's supposed business, and after a few minutes' talk among them he was left to eat his meal in silence. What qualms he had at accepting the Rubbys' hospitality were partly annulled by the memory of the many profits they had made out of different members of the family, and did not materially hinder his relishing his long delayed meal.

After supper the rest of the men went down to the corral to do the milking, and after putting his horse in the stable as Jake directed, Ferd eagerly followed them.

Leaning over the low bars, he made a rapid but cautious inspection of the cattle in the inclosure. There were four or five Jerseys among them; the most of them dun-colored, and having marked resemblance to the two strays.

He did not dare go close to them for fear of awakening suspicion, and though

he knew that they might be driven away through the night as a precaution in case of search being made for them, he was forced to go to bed at last without having satisfied himself with any positiveness as to the strays being at Rugby's ranch.

The next morning he was up before five, helping with the milking; and as he sat with his head against the flank of a gentle white cow, a queer, crescent shaped brand close up on the under side of her foreleg attracted his attention.

He had heard his uncle tell how he had tried to trace a valuable herd of cows that he had lost three years since, by that mark, but though a search had been made at Rugby's who were generally suspected of the theft, no animals of the color even were found at the ranch. Ferd guessed that they had driven the two cows off in the night and sold them, but here certainly was the same brand in the identical spot as described by his uncle, and was not unlike the Rubbys to make bold bluff and bring the cattle back into the vicinity.

While he was busy surmising upon his chance discovery scraps of conversation carried on between two of the men near him came to his ears.

"Seems to me t'was a big blunder to kill her so near home. Seemed to me the squealin' must o' be'n heard for miles around."

"I didn't hear it," said the other.

"You wouldn't hear a cannon fired in your ear, when you're asleep," laughed his companion. "All the same 'twas enough to rouse the dead."

"What set Jake on killin' her?"

"Had to, she made such a row tryin' to git to them cows. Squealed and fought like mad when we put her in the pen with the rest o' the pigs."

Ferd's heart begun to beat furiously.

What further proof needed he than this? There could be no doubt they were talking of "Black Mollie" and if she were here, then too, were the cows. And if so, probably were of those he had seen in the corral last night.

Finishing his task, Ferd rose to his feet and looked cautiously around. Yes, they were all there still, the five Jerseys he had seen the night before, and he could hardly wait till a chance came for a closer inspection.

After breakfast Jake came to him with detailed instructions as to the cattle.

"We don't want you to take 'em beyond ear-reach for today" he said. "There may be people around makin' trouble about strays, and if there is, just you blow three times on your whistle and we'll come and settle 'em.

"People round here seems to think we keep a free stray-pound," he went on with poorly-pretended indignation, "and go through our herd for everything in the shape of animals they lose, the year round."

Ferd drove the cattle out of the gates hardly able to conceal his joy, as he saw the five Jerseys among the others. The spot Jake had designated took him in the direction of Hyde's Hill, and driving them beyond the nearest stretch of timber, he selected a suitable place for pasturage; and with the help of the dog they had sent out with him succeeded in keeping them rounded in within "ear reach" of the ranch, as Jake had instructed him. But not within eye-reach. No sooner had the strip of woods shut him from view of the ranch, than Feid dismounted, and fastening his horse near by, proceeded to inspect the brands on the dun Jerseys. They were all cleverly executed, but Ferd was too familiar with the entire business not to detect the odor of the

newly-singed hair on two of them, and the slight bungling that had let the iron slip short of the stem of the initial letter "P" that was his uncle's sole brand in trying to convert it into an R.

It had been indeed an easy chance for rebranding, as they had only to add the tail of the R to his uncle's initial and add the "J" with the ring to complete the Rugby brand. The newly scorched hair was Ferd's best proof, and so sure a one to him that he determined to lose no time in acting upon his conviction. He had already decided what to do. To attempt to drive the cows home would be madness as they would probably miss him before half of the twelve miles could be covered with the slow-moving cows.

The only way was to ride towards home himself as swiftly as possible with his news, trusting to the chance of meeting some one who would bear his message while he could perhaps return to his charge and allay suspicion. His plans were to succeed even better than he had hoped. Keeping in the shadow of the spruce and pine tree that lined the slope of Hyde's Hill, he had just reached its crest when he saw riding up the opposite ascent his uncle with two of the farm hands who were searching both for himself and the cattle. In a few words he told them of his strategy and the discoveries he had made, and acting upon his suggestion the three men waited till Ferd rode back to the herd to report conditions.

In a few moments they saw Ferd's red handkerchief below waving them to come forward; and a short ride brought them in sight of the herd.

It took but a short time to verify Ferd's discoveries; Henry Perly finding among the cattle not only the white cow which Ferd had by chance identi-

fied, but also the other valuable animal that had disappeared at the same time.

Not wishing to dispose of the two valuable milch-cows, the Rubgys had boldly brought them back to their ranch, trusting to their usual luck, and the fact of the long time of their absence to guard against their being identified.

It was no easy task driving the four cows back through the trees and under brush to the top of the hill beyond sight of the Rugby ranch, but they knew if they were once seen it would mean an onset by the entire gang at Rugby's who outnumbered them three to one.

Previous encounters with them had satisfied the little party that discretion was the better part of valor, even with right distinctly on their side. It was not yet noon when they arrived home safely with their property, and a telegram sent to the county seat brought the sheriff with a half dozen deputies to the ranch in two hours time.

It needed only the positive proof in Henry Perly's possession to give the sheriff a long yearned for chance of arresting the male members of the Rugby family, and breaking up an establishment and organization that had been a menace to the county for many years.

On the day following the arrest, Perly called his nephew into the best room, a spot usually reserved for state and momentous occasions.

"We have got to have a reckoning Ferdinand," his uncle said with one of his sternest expressions on his face. "You proved unfaithful to the trust I placed in you, and I must punish you, however much I dislike the task. I have engaged Joe Riley to take charge of my cattle henceforth, and I am going to send you away."

The swift tears started to Ferd's eyes.

"Where on earth can I go if I leave you, Uncle Henry?" he asked chokingly.

"You are to go to school in Denver where your cousin George is now, for two years, and after that to Annapolis University, if you prove yourself as smart in your examinations as you have in this Rugby business," he said, his stern face relaxing into a kind smile; though Ferd's tears did indeed flow unrestrainedly at his sentence of banishment, it was for joy and not sorrow, relief and not dread.

Josephine Spencer.

THE GOSPEL IN ANCIENT BRITAIN.

CHAPTER VII.

Paul's Opportunities of Visiting Spain and Britain.--Arguments in Favor of that Visit.--Date of the Introduction of the Gospel into Britain.--The Influence of Druidism.

THE chronology of Paul's life is terribly confused. There is no certainty about the date of his conversion, or of scarcely any circumstance connected with his after life. Research has only added to the confusion. Bible students and commentators differ as much as seven years in the date they assign to this apostle's first visit to Rome. Some place it at as early as A. D. 56, others as late as A. D. 63. The earlier writers, such as Eusebius, Jerome, Bede,* give

* Bede or Baeda, surnamed, "The Venerable." Born at Wearmouth in Northumberland, probably in 673; died at Jarrow, May 26, 735. A celebrated English monk and ecclesiastical writer. He was educated at the monastery of St. Peter's at Wearmouth, and that of St. Paul's at Jarrow, in which latter institution he remained until his death. He was ordained a deacon in his nineteenth year, and became a priest in his thirtieth. He devoted his time to teaching and writing, and is said to

the first named date; the preponderance of testimony is in its favor, and the evidence in that direction is increasing.

It is very certain, if Paul visited Britain he did not do so before his first journey to Rome. To that point in his ministry the book of the Acts of the Apostles give us a detailed statement. After that time all that relates to the Apostle's doings is very misty and largely conjecture. As Paul did not go to Britain before his first visit to Rome, it necessarily follows that if he went at all it was at a later date. From this arises the objections that some have made to the probability of Paul having visited far western Europe. They claim that the time was too short to enable him to have done so, in days when travel was slow, tedious and difficult. But that argument appears to us of little weight when we have the testimony of so many writers (who ought to have known what they were saying) who assert that he did minister the word of God in those islands.

In addition to the direct testimony which we have already quoted there are other reasons which increase the probability that Paul made this visit:

First. Before he ever went to Rome he expressed, in his epistle to the Romans,* his intention of visiting Spain.

have been master of all the learning of his time, including Greek and Hebrew. His chief work is "Historia ecclesiastica gentis Anglorum." The first collective edition of his writings appeared at Paris 1544-45, which edition was reprinted in 1554

* Epistle to the Romans 15: 23-24:—

"But now having no more place in these parts, and having a great desire these many years to come unto you;

Whensoever I take my journey into Spain, I will come to you: for I trust to see you in my journey, and to be brought on my way thitherward by you, if first I be somewhat filled with your company."

Several church historians* affirm that he did go to Spain, and consequently the presumption is strong that at the same time that he went to Spain, which must have been after his first visit to Rome, he continued his journey to Britain.

Secondly. Paul's intimate and loving acquaintance with the British saints at Rome would make him deeply interested in those islands and in the salvation of their people, and cause him to decide that when he carried out his long cherished intention of visiting Spain he would continue his journey to Britain. It is altogether supposable that this feeling would be intensified by the pleadings of his British friends importuning him to go to their native land and carry the glad tidings of eternal truth to their fellow countrymen.

Thirdly. Even if Paul's arrival at Rome is placed at the latest and most improbable date, there is still ample time for him to have paid a short visit to Spain and Britain. Even though travel in those days was slow, intercommunication with Britain was frequent and continuous. At that time there were 48,000 Roman soldiers, including their auxiliaries, in Britain, some of whom, in all probability, had heard the gospel preached if they had not obeyed it. Now Paul was held a prisoner in Rome two years, consequently if he went there at the earliest and most probable date, his release took place at the latter end of A. D. 58 or the beginning of A. D. 59. Paul would thus have eight years to proclaim the truths of the everlasting gospel before his second imprisonment in the imperial city. Surely a man of Paul's zeal and impetuosity did not waste those precious

* Clement, Hippolytus, Athanasius, Epiphanius, Jerome, Theodoret and others.

years, be they eight or less, and let them idly pass. Then if he did not go to Western Europe, where did he go? This cannot be definitely answered. We do not claim that he spent the whole of these years in Spain and Britain. It is almost certain he visited some of his old fields of labor in Asia Minor and Greece. All we wish to prove is that as far as time is concerned he had ample opportunity of carrying out his expressed intention of visiting Spain and of continuing his travels to Britain. In the very least he had two years at his disposal to make this visit before he was cast into prison at Rome* the second time and it is almost positive he had many more.

Whoever introduced the Gospel into Britain, be it Bran, Paul, Joseph of Arimathea, or some other elder of the church, it appears certain that it was shortly before the terrible war that took place between the Romans and the Britons, when Boadecia was queen of the latter people. This war occurred about A. D. 62. H. H. Pain in his History gives his conclusions on the question as follows:

"The Roman Mission of St. Augustine was not until A. D. 597, whereas Christianity was introduced into these Islands prior to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans in A. D. 70, by Joseph of Arimathea, who fled from Palestine about A. D. 39, to this country (England) and built the first church at the Isle of Avalon, now called Glastonbury, which was regarded as the most holy place in Britain for 1500 years after, and was free from taxation in consequence. There are also good reasons for believing that St. Paul

preached Christianity in these Islands.

Haydn in his Dictionary of Dates places the introduction of Christianity into Britain at about A. D. 64. The American Cyclopedias simply says:

"Christianity gained a foothold in England at a very early date, and assumed from the first a more or less perfect ecclesiastical organization. It is held by some that the gospel was preached in Britain in the first century. Tertullian about the year 200 speaks of places in Britain, which, though inaccessible to the Romans, were subject to Christ. There is no doubt that the Britons were generally converted to the Christian faith before the Saxon invasion in 449."

The testimony of Gildas seems to imply that the Gospel was first preached in Britain between A. D. 51 and A. D. 61.

How rapidly or how widely the Gospel spread in Britain after its first introduction into that island is largely a matter of conjecture. Doubtless if Bran were the first to bear its glad tidings he would carry them to his people, the Silures, and South Wales would be the first portion of the island to hear the Gospel message. If not South Wales, then the neighboring county of Somerset was the first blessed with the visits of the Holy Priesthood and honored with the erection of the first Christian church within its borders. It is not unreasonable to believe, when we take into consideration the disturbed condition of Britain in those times, and the division of its inhabitants into so many distinct tribes or nations, that the progress of the gospel in the island was for some time restricted to the people and neighborhood among whom it was first proclaimed. Later events seem to confirm this theory. When we consider the

* Paul's second imprisonment and death: Eusebius places it at A. D. 67, Jerome at A. D. 68.

character of the ancient Britons we think it is consistent to believe that where presented the Gospel was readily accepted by them, and, as a rule, its precepts were faithfully lived up to. The Britons may be called an intense people, and when they received the Gospel they did so with all their hearts and lived it with zeal and devotion. Yet there is reason to fear that it became more or less corrupted with some of the undesirable ideas and practices of Druidism. One author writing on this point, says:

"But the great change in the condition of the Britons, which may be specially noticed in connection with the reign of Constantine, is that in relation to the Christian religion. The religion of the Britons at the time of the conquest was that of Druidism. Its principal features were, that its creed embraced a belief in one supreme, eternal and spiritual God, and that the soul of man survived this life, and enjoyed a future one for good or evil, dependent upon its merits while in this world; and that this system was presided over by a learned body of men called the Druids. It may be that they had also connected with it some notion of the pagan mythology, as intermediate gods, between themselves and the great spirit. But the Romans have added the name of their own heathen gods to the Druidic creed that it is now impossible to say how that was. For the religion of any provincial people the Romans cared nothing; but they became very hostile to the Druids, because they were such devoted patriots, and so stern opponents to the conquest. They were therefore proscribed, banished or slaughtered, whenever they fell into the power of the Romans. They therefore—those who survived the persecution—fled to

the British Isles and Scotland for protection, where for a long time they were protected and their religion flourished. But after the conquest and peace restored, Druidism returned to the Britons, as a more favored and rational religion than the pagan mythology of the Romans. It also more readily harmonized with the truthful and simple doctrines of Christianity, and in earlier times the doctrines and ceremonies became somewhat mixed, and was called neo-druidism, which was soon superseded by the true doctrines of Christianity.

"But at an early period in its history Christianity became the acknowledged religion of the Britons, and their transition to it was easy and consistent. It is claimed that St. Paul came to Rome first early in the year 61, and continued there occasionally, at least, until his martyrdom in 68. Caractacus with his wife and whole family were taken there in the year 52 or 53, and what eventually became of him is not for a certainty known; but he remained for a long time in Rome, if he did not die there. But it is claimed by British historians that he remained in Rome until after the arrival of Paul, and that he and his family became Christians under his administration. This at least is possible, and as it is told it is at least plausible. It is claimed that Caractacus' whole family became Christians while at Rome, by the preaching of Paul and his friends there, and afterwards returned to their homes in Britain after the conquest had so far subsided that it became safe to do so. However this may be, it is certain that Christianity was established in Britain at a very early day, and it may be regarded with some certainty that the event transpired before the end of the first century. In

ancient times Arch-Druids were established at Carleon, York and London, and each of these became the See of an archbishop of the Christian church, and at an early day the organization of the Druids was superceded by that of Christianity.

"However it may be with regard to the conversion of Caractacus, Claudia and their friends, and the introduction of Christianity by them, or in their time, historic testimony confirms the fact that Christianity was introduced into Britain about that age, or at a very early period. The oppression that the Britons were receiving at the hands of the Romans tended greatly to promote the reception of Christianity among them, as well as the cruel treatment of the Druids and their doctrines so harmonizing with Christianity, and their principle of 'seeking the truth against the world,' facilitated its reception, and tended to make it the religion of the people in opposition to the Romans. Historical evidence is strong that Christianity spread and flourished in Britain from a very early date."

George Reynolds.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS ANNEXED.

THE Sandwich Islands, known also as the Hawaiian Islands, now form a part of the territory of the United States. On July 7, 1898, President McKinley signed the annexation resolution passed by Congress, and the cruiser *Philadelphia* was ordered to Honolulu, the capital of the islands, to hoist the American flag over the group.

The taking of the islands was not an act of hostility to which the inhabitants were forced to submit, as the annexing was done with the signified consent of the Hawaiian government.

Some five years ago, when the ruling queen of the islands was removed from her position, the question of annexing the islands to our country was before the nation, but it did not seem to meet with the favor of the national legislators, and a separate republican government was then formed for Hawaii. The annexation now comes as a war measure. It is believed that it will be advantageous to possess the island, now that the Philippines, still farther distant in the Pacific, will probably be held by the United States.

There is a difference of opinion regarding the advisability of our government taking possession of the Sandwich Islands. It is a new procedure for the United States. During the past our government has not sought to acquire possession of distant lands or islands.

One great objection urged against the propriety of annexing Hawaii to our country was its Chinese population. Now that the Islands are a part of the Union, it is questionable in the minds of some whether the objectionable inhabitants can be prohibited from coming to the mainland and competing with American labor. On the other hand it is claimed that, as the islands do not become a state nor a territory of the Union, but only a "part of the territory of the United States," to be governed by congress, the emigration of Chinese from Hawaii to the states and territories will be prohibited, and that there need be no fear from that source. Of course time alone will prove what advantages and disadvantages will result to the United States from the annexation.

Five commissioners, two of whom are residents of Hawaii, have been appointed to devise and recommend a general scheme of government for the islands.

A VISIT TO SILK-DYING WORKS.

It is thought by many that the dying of silk is a very simple and easy process; but a visit made to the great plant of the Weidmann Silk Dying Company, the largest and most famous dying works in America, would soon change such a view. It is not only a difficult operation, requiring the highest skill, but upon the thoroughness and efficiency of the process depend the quality of the silk fabric.

After taking breakfast with Mr. Weidmann, at his pleasant home on corner Carroll and Ellison streets, just opposite Vice-President Garret A. Hobart's private residence, I was driven in his fine surrey to the extensive plant, nearly two miles distant. It is situated on the Erie Railway, and the east part overlooks the Passaic River. Here may be found a number of buildings ranging from 400 to 500 feet long, by 30 to 390 feet wide, covering an area of something like four acres. There are over 800 hands employed, and the works run night and day, turning out something over 6,000 lbs. of dyed silk daily.

The water, steam, and entire system is as complete and perfect as human skill and mechanical genius can produce.

In the store-room are all kinds of colorings, dyeing materials, etc., in immense quantities. Over the entire plant Mr. Weidmann keeps an ever-watchful eye. Being an early riser, and thoroughly acquainted with all departments of the work, he gives force and energy to his employees. For four generations back the Weidmanns have been engaged in this line of work, and today one brother has one of the largest dyeing plants in Europe.

There are three skilled chemists and a number of dyers, whose special duty it is to see to the blending and mixing of the

hundreds of shades required by the growing trade. The pattern or shade the merchant wishes is placed in the hands of these "mixers," and they will produce the color to the nicety of blending.

As the raw silk comes from the manufacturers, it is first labeled and numbered and the color desired marked on the tag, and sent on its strange errand of transition from cream color to the hundreds of variations desired.

First it is placed in long tubes fifty feet long, in the stripping-room, where the silk is boiled in solution of hot water and soap and stripped of all the gummy substance natural to cocoon silk. It then goes to the dressing-room and after receives its "foundation" or "mordant" for holding the colors. As it comes from the first mordant it looks like old gold. This effect is produced by a solution of nitrate of iron. After this, additional mordants are given of tin and tanning, which puts some weight in the silk. It is possible to weight silk from ten to fifty per cent. additional. After this mordant, the silk is then dyed black, jet black, blue-black, or any shade that may be required. There is very much of the silk that is never weighted at all, but is left exactly at the same weight as when brought in for dyeing. The hundreds of beautiful shades made from primary colors are marvelous. Nothing but the very best "fast" colors are used.

As five tons of soap is required each day, and it must be most pure, this company has established an immense olive oil soap factory for its own use, wherein thousands of pounds are daily made. This is conducted on the most improved plan, and is extending its operation as work increases.

The city of Paterson, New Jersey,

where Mr. Weidmann's dyeing plant is located, is growing very rapidly as a great manufacturing centre. In twenty-eight years the population increased from 30,000 to 125,000, and the city is very prosperous.

W.

BITTER SWEET.

Beside the deep waters of Marah,
Which so bitter were to the taste,
The children of Israel had gathered;
On their faces were easily traced
The pangs of the bitterest thirsting
Which could not then well be allayed,
While still all the waters were bitter;
For relief the sad people oft prayed.

Complaining, they came to their leader—
To Moses, the humble and meek—
Bewailing their saddened condition,
They came quick relief then to seek:
But the God of their fathers heheid them,
His wonderful powers made known,
As once He had done in their vision,
By bringing forth water from stone.

Then Moses—the brave, noble leader,
(As ordered by God from above,
Whose tenderest feelings awakened,
Whose bosom was yearning with love,)
Cut a twig from a bush bending near him,
And on the foul waters it threw,
When much to their joy and rejoicing,
The waters to sweetness soon grew.

Quick slaking their thirst at the waters
So suddenly changed for their use,
The children of Israel, now humbled,
To Moses made ample excuse.
They bowed before God in their weakness,
And humbly acknowledged their sin,
And prayed for forgiveness, so humbly,
Compassion from Him they did win.

"O Father! Thou'rt kind and forgiving,
We humbly to Thee bend our knee,
And tender our grateful thanksgiving,
For blessings so plainly we see
Descending from Thee to Thy children,
As lonely we wander around;
Make gratitude daily our portion,
Which may in our hearts e'er abound.

Forgive us, Thine oft-erring children;
Let faith in our hearts ever grow;
That wisdom may be our companion,
That we may true happiness know."
And thus before God in contrition,
These children of Israel bend,
Confessing their sins and their erring,
To Him who was ever their Friend.

May we from example learn wisdom;
From chiding and murmuring cease;
Upholding, sustaining God's Priesthood.
From sin's galling chain find release.
The Gospel is free to our liking,
No charge for the treasure so rare;
But we, through obedience yielding,
Eternity's blessings may share.

We oft see each step ere we take it,
If each one is taken aright,
What need then of trembling or fearing?
Our pathway will ever be bright.
The pall of black darkness o'erhanging,
A lining of silver may show;
A brightness, like noonday appearing,
Before our dim vision may glow.

Then on to the goal of perfection!
Let each step we're taking in life
Be found in the "narrow path" leading
Away from contention and strife;
That peace may spread over our pathway
Her wings of contentment and love,
Eternity's arms reach around us,
And take us to mansions above.

Where God, in His glorified greatness,
And Jesus, our Lord, His dear Son.
In glory forever are reigning
As two who're inseparably one.
The heavens will glow with their brightness,
The starry world herald God's might;
The angels shout "Ever we praise Thee,
The Father of truth and of light!"

R. S. Horne.

IT IS NOT THE BEST RULE FOR ONE'S GUIDANCE TO DO GOOD THAT ONE MAY PROSPER IN LIFE, FOR THE RIGHT OUGHT TO BE DONE BECAUSE IT IS RIGHT. BUT IT IS ONLY ANOTHER PROOF OF THE WISDOM AND KINDNESS OF THE DIVINE FATHER THAT THOSE WHO DO RIGHT ARE OFTEN REWARDED WITH PROSPERITY, MERELY BECAUSE THEY HAVE BELIEVED IN THE RIGHT AND MADE IT THEIR GUIDE.

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Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE O. CANNON, EDITOR.

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EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

TRUSTWORTHINESS.

Every boy and girl should aim to form a character for reliability. They should seek to become trustworthy, so that their words and their promises when made might be depended upon. Such a noble trait is of the greatest value to a person.

The possession of genius or of acquired talent even of the highest order is of but little value to one whose promises cannot be relied upon. There are many persons who have superior natural ability, a good education and much acquired skill, but their usefulness is extremely limited by their utter lack of reliability. Their word cannot be trusted. They do not keep their promises. Other people soon discover their failings and avoid placing confidence in them; and with all their ability they are often without profitable employment.

There are other men who are not so highly endowed with natural talents, and who lack education such as is gained from books, yet their services are of such value that they are continually in demand. They are trustworthy. Men who can be depended upon are needed in every community. They are the men who rise to permanent positions of honor and prominence. They are the ones who become great in the world.

Genius such as makes people appear brilliant in the eyes of the public is considered a natural gift that compara-

tively few persons inherit, but trustworthiness is only acquired by self effort, yet it is within the reach of all who strive to gain it.

The character for trustworthiness can be cultivated at an early age. Children can form habits of punctuality and reliability by observing to obey their parents' wishes in proper season. By strict obedience to duty children gain their parents' confidence. Their reputation for being prompt and reliable soon becomes known to others, and at an early age their services are sought. If they are employed by others their labors are appreciated because of the dependence that can be placed in them. Young people of this character will perform their duty without being watched. Their employer's interest will be their interest. They will be willing to forego personal desires or pleasures rather than let their employer's business suffer. They will not object to work overtime when occasion requires it. Young men or young women with such principles will be sure to succeed in life, no matter how meagre their school opportunities may be, or how little natural genius they may possess.

THE LAND OF ZION.

FROM a correspondent in one of our distant stakes we learn that some of the Elders who have been on missions and have returned have stated that the time is not far off when the Saints in the states would be organized into wards and stakes, and be in a similar working order to the stakes of Zion in the mountains. Our correspondent says that if this is likely to happen some would much prefer to go back and live in their old homes, where they joined the Church, than to remain where they

are. The only reason for their staying where they are is to get the benefit of the organizations, such as wards and stakes have.

The whole of this continent is the land of Zion. But it is impractical to organize wards and stakes in the old states. There has been a peculiar providence manifested in the gathering of the Saints to new or unoccupied lands, where they could live together and have the organizations which the Lord has instructed His people to enter into. A populous state—such as are all the old settled states from which the Saints have been gathered—is not a fit place in which to organize wards or stakes. There could be no separation between the members of the Church and those who are not of the Church. This would defeat the purpose of the Lord; for the object of the gathering is to have the Latter-day Saints gather together in places where they can have such organizations as they now enjoy.

In the due time of the Lord the whole land of Zion will be occupied by the Church of Christ. When that happy day arrives, the organizations of the Church will be carried out in perfection. But a great many things must take place and a great many changes must be effected before that day arrives.

Experience has proved that the Saints who have in good faith and with a determination to obey the command of the Lord gathered out to the place or places appointed for the gathering of the Saints, have been blessed and prospered, and in many instances are in better circumstances than they were originally in their own homes. It is true that some have had trials and difficulties to contend with which have tested their faith and made their positions less pleasant than they were in

their old homes; but in the most of instances time has brought the Saints improvement and greater comfort, until, in looking back, they have praised the Lord for having inspired them to leave their old homes and cast their lot with His people. Israel of old, after leaving Egypt, mourned for the fleshpots, the leeks and the onions of their old home. They were discontented, and, of course, unhappy. Wherever a spirit of that kind is indulged in there cannot be real enjoyment. Everyone who gathers to Zion has his or her faith tested; for they have trials to meet that are entirely new to them; but when these are once overcome, the result is a very happy one, as thousands have proved.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY IN WAR TIMES.

THE July number of *McClure's Magazine* relates how President McKinley employs himself during the present trying time in his experience. The affairs of a nation in time of war must exert a severe strain upon the nerves of its chief executive, but it appears that our president is quite equal to the occasion, and has thus far been able to bear up with fortitude under the ordeal. An extract from the magazine article referred to is herewith presented:

Except when taking his afternoon drive or walk, Mr. McKinley is rarely seen outside of the White House. During the war excitement, one may say that he has never been seen outside. He is a striking contrast in this respect to our last war president, Mr. Lincoln, who went daily, sometimes many times a day, across the White House lawn to the old war department to seek news, and who frequently visited the capitol and the department in search of some person whom he wanted. During all the war

crisis, Mr. McKinley has never been in congress or gone to one of the departments. The arrangements at the White House are such that this is possible, which was not true in Lincoln's time. There is a telegraph room, to which all messages can be sent--something Mr. Lincoln did not have. Then there is the telephone connecting the office of the White House with every important man in Washington. The president receives persons who have business with him every day, except cabinet days and Sundays, between twelve and one o'clock, in his private reception-room, on the second floor of the White House. Here he usually finds waiting for him when he enters a dozen or more little groups of people and many individuals who have come alone.

The opinions of the press come to the president in various ways. He is himself a reader of newspapers, and scarcely a day has gone by, even in the hottest of the war excitement, that he has not found time to run through a large number, including five or six New York dailies, the Washington evening and morning papers, one or two from Chicago, and perhaps a half dozen others from large cities. A digest of the newspaper comes to him of course in conversation with his secretary and friends, and in cabinet meetings, where articles of special value and suggestiveness are frequently read and discussed; but his most intimate connection with the press comes from the peculiar relation which news-gatherers have to the White House.

In the fortnight bounded by the submitting of the *Maine* report and of his message, President McKinley suffered the keenest pressure of the war crisis. Neither night nor day was he free. In-

terviews began as soon as he was out of bed, and night after night the light shone from the windows of the cabinet-room until nearly morning. He had no opportunity for daily exercise, for relaxation of any kind. Under this enormous strain he never lost his calm or his good humor. He sat hour after hour listening to this or that man, gauging the rise and fall of public opinion, but expressing no opinion himself other than that of caution, and waiting, positively refusing to do anything until he knew exactly what the effect of a previous move had been. While the press and the people were calling for war he had but one reply: "I pray God we may be able to keep peace." When the result of an action was different from what he desired and tended to the war which he was trying to escape, he took it with perfect philosophy, his only remark being, "Well, whatever comes, we have done the best we could." All through the crisis he has been, as one of his companions said, "a don't worry man." The unwavering calm and silence which have characterized Mr. McKinley are due largely to his optimistic temperament. He believes firmly that things will come out right in the end, a belief inspired by his strong religious faith.

For a few nights, during the worst of the trouble, he lost sleep, but when he resumed his daily exercise, as his physician compelled him to do, he soon was sleeping regularly. In spite of the terrible pressure upon him, he has devoted a great deal of time to the routine of his position.

Of all earthly music, that which reaches farthest into heaven is the beating of a loving heart.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

CHRISTIANITY AND KINDNESS.

A PAPER published in the interest of kindness to animals, called *Our Animal Friends*, says editorially that Christian teachers who have been among the noblest in every movement for the rescue and uplifting of human beings have not been equally conspicuous in their care for other creatures of God." The writer further infers that the Christianity of today is defective because it does not lay enough stress upon the subject of kindness to animals. At the same time he calls attention to the fact that oriental religions teach kindness to the brute creation as a very essential duty of their adherents.

It is said that Buddhists are taught to regard as sacred the lives of all living creatures. Their peculiar belief is that when a man dies he exists again in a mortal state, being transformed into a beast, or fowl, or some other creature.

As they believe all living beings of a lower order are possessed of the spirits of mankind who have passed from the human state, they treat them with kindness, considering it a religious obligation to do so. If it is true that Christian teachers and modern Christianity do not lay enough stress on the importance of kindness to animals it is because they are lacking in the true elements of Christianity.

It is very inconsistent for one who does not have tender regard for the lower animals to profess to be a disciple of Christ. Kindness is a very essential part of the Gospel of Christ. Those who possess the spirit of the Gospel in their hearts will not be lacking in the virtue of kindness. The Savior says, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one

to another." If people love one another they will also love all of God's creatures, and will seek to be kind to them.

THE CHURCHES AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.

A RELIGIOUS journal of New York, in a recent issue contains an article which furnishes some statistics concerning foreign mission work performed by a number of the dominant churches of the United States. The writer of the article says that "foreign missions furnish the truest test of genuine unselfishness, which is only another name for Christianity." The number of American ministers sent to foreign fields by these churches is given as follows by this writer: Presbyterians, 226; Baptists, 162; Methodists 190; Congregationalists, 174; Protestant Episcopal Church, 28.

In proportion to the great numerical strength and the immense income of these wealthy churches, this is indeed a very poor showing. The total number of missionaries sent abroad by these five churches combined is considerably less than half the number sent by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints - a Church very much smaller in number than either one of them.

ACKNOWLEDGING THE HAND OF GOD.

AFTER the naval battle off Santiago de Cuba, which occurred on July 3rd, 1898, and in which the Spanish fleet was destroyed, Captain J. W. Philip of the American battleship *Texas*, is reported to have addressed his officer and crew in these words.

"I wish to make confession that I have implicit faith in God and in the officers and crew of the *Texas*, but my faith in you is secondary only to m

faith in God. We have seen what He has done for us, in allowing us to achieve so great a victory, and I want to ask you all, or at least every man who has no scruples, to uncover his head with me and silently offer a word of thanks to God for His goodness toward us all."

Some of the religious papers of the country make some comments on this pleasing incident of the present war—the acknowledgement of divine aid made by Captain Philip. One religious journal says: "It is gratifying to read the testimonials to the Christian character of prominent officers of the army and navy. Men are made braver through faith in God and belief in His direction and care."

The same paper states that Admirals Sampson and Dewey, Commodore Watson and Lieutenant Hobson are all religious men; and it rejoices over the fact that President McKinley has recently shown anew his sincere religious character by issuing the proclamation calling upon the people to offer up thanksgiving to God for victory, and prayer for protection to our soldiers and the restoration of peace to the land.

It is indeed gratifying to know these facts. It gives reassurance that belief in God is still maintained by a great many honorable men throughout the nation, notwithstanding the assertion that infidelity is so prevalent. It substantiates the claim that nearly all men who labor for the good of humanity are believers in Deity. The testimony of Captain Philip is one more to add to the many acknowledgements which distinguished men have made to the overruling hand of Providence in the affairs of humanity. Columbus believed that he was inspired of Heaven to perform the work he accomplished. Washington was a devoutly religious man, and had

great faith in prayer. Gladstone was a strong Christian believer, and always stood in defense of faith in divinity. Stanley, the African explorer, frankly acknowledges that the Lord miraculously preserved and provided for him in his perilous travels.

History will show that hundreds of noted men who have sought to benefit mankind by their works have attributed their success to the help they received from on high. If their history were known it would be found that many thousands more whose deeds are not recorded on earth, but who have helped to benefit the world, were free to admit that God inspired and aided them in their noble efforts to do good.

Without faith in God there can be but little inducement for men to devote their lives unselfishly for the good of others. The applause of their fellow-men may stimulate some to deeds of valor. But many of the noblest and bravest deeds that men have done have failed to receive the praise they merited while the performers were living.

NEW ELEMENTS DISCOVERED IN THE AIR.

It was once believed that the air we breathe was a single element, that is, a substance that could not be divided into separate parts or substances that differed from each other in character. But years ago men discovered that the atmosphere was a compound of two or more substances, and they learned to separate air into gases which are known as oxygen, nitrogen and carbon dioxide. As near as could be determined, pure air, free from moisture, was composed of 20.96 per cent. in volume of oxygen, 79.00 per cent. nitrogen, and 0.04 per cent. carbon dioxide.

An eminent English chemist, Prof. William Ramsay, has now announced to the world that he has discovered at least two and evidently three other elements in the composition of the atmosphere.

These newly discovered elements are found in but very small quantities; but their presence suggests the possibility of a variety of other elements in the composition of air.

The Editor.

A MORMON YOUTH AND INGERSOLL.

BEFORE I had read any of Mr. Ingersoll's books, I believed their author to be a very learned, fair-minded and unprejudiced man. Having himself suffered much through misrepresentation, I naturally thought that the author of "Some Mistakes of Moses," etc., would be the last man in the world to misrepresent others.

If my opinion of Mr. Ingersoll has changed—and it has—permit me to say that that change took place after what I believe to have been a careful and impartial reading of some of his own publications.

Mr. Ingersoll considers himself a great friend of mankind; he has been working for years "to make his country truly free, to broaden the intellectual horizon of our people, to destroy the prejudices born of ignorance and fear, and to do away with the blind worship of the ignoble past."

While Mr. Ingersoll has been laboring so hard "for the benefit of his fellow-men," he has been denounced as a destroyer of human hopes, an enemy of truth, and some have gone so far as to call him "the worst man in the world."

Now, while I am sure that Mr. Inger-

soll could be engaged in a more honorable labor, and while I know that his gospel has been productive of much evil, yet I believe there are, even among professing Christians many worse men than he. It seems to me that the man who professes to believe in God, but who by his works denies Him, is much worse than the infidel. And that there are many such no one will deny.

With the kind permission of the editor of the INSTRUCTOR, I will endeavor to review some of Mr. Ingersoll's works, taking first "Some Mistakes of Moses." In starting out, I desire to state that I do not undertake to answer *all* of the infidel's objections. I am but a youth, unskilled in the art of writing, and incapable of proving to the satisfaction of others, as I can to my own satisfaction, the falsity of much of Mr. Ingersoll's doctrine.

I am not at all surprised at seeing such men as Mr. Ingersoll in our midst today. If the Scriptures be true, and the prophecies contained therein are to be fulfilled, we must expect men of Mr. Ingersoll's stamp to arise.

I took up a Bible today and read in it the following prophecy:

"Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." (*II. Peter iii: 3-4.*)

This prophecy was made by the Apostle Peter, almost two thousand years ago, and tells us that in the last days *scoffers* would arise. Now I ask Mr. Ingersoll, Has not this prophecy been literally fulfilled? Have not scoffers arisen? Are you not one of them?

In the preface to "Some Mistakes of Moses," (p. 7-8), Mr. Ingersoll says:

"If that (the Christian) religion be true, there is but one Savior, one inspired record, and but one little narrow grass-grown path that leads to heaven. Such a religion is necessarily uncompromising, unreasoning, aggressive and insolent."

Let us examine these three complaints in their order: In the first place Mr. Ingersoll complains because the Christian religion teaches that there is but one Savior. Such, indeed, is the teaching of the Scriptures. In I. Timothy, 2nd chapter 5th and 6th verses we read:

"For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus;

"Who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time."

And again:

"There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling;

"One Lord, one faith, one baptism."

Peter speaking of Christ says:

"Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

And Christ, who "spake as one having authority, and not as the Scribes," said:

"I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me."

But why should Mr. Ingersoll complain because there is but one Savior? There was no need of more; had there been, no doubt others would have been provided. Christ came to atone for the transgression of one man. "For by one man came sin into the world, and death by sin, so by the justification of One many were made righteous." "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." Here we have a perfect balance.

But Mr. Ingersoll objects to the doctrine of the Atonement, which requires

the innocent to suffer for the guilty. "But if this is a valid objection against Christianity it is one equally strong against nature. The seed dies in the ground that it may nourish the younger life. One generation toils and dies to give place and possession to the next. Parents suffer for their children, and more for the prodigal son or daughter than for any other. Patriots die for their country, even for the rebellious. The martyr dies that truth and liberty may still survive and bless generations yet unborn. It is a principle woven into the fabric of all organic and social life. This objection must prove that nature is not the workmanship of God before it can discredit Christianity. This principle as having a place in Christianity is worthy of special vindication. Though it was according to the purpose of God, still Jesus was a willing sacrifice. Christ was of the divine nature, the source of all authority. Who shall deny His right, if He chose, to suffer for His creatures? The voluntary suffering of the mother and of the patriot is among the highest manifestations of a noble nature. What is more divine in human nature than that a good man suffer, not for a child, or a friend, but for an enemy! This fact is the source of the wonderful power of the Gospel to reconcile man to God. A guilty man dying for another guilty man, or the innocent for the innocent, might move human hearts; but not half so powerfully as when the one bitterly wronged suffers for the wrong-doer. "Scarcely for a righteous man would one die, yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die; but God commendeth his love toward us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us.*"

* Everest.

Again, Mr. Ingersoll complains because there is but one inspired book—the Bible. Now if Mr. Ingersoll believed in and practiced those things which are written in this one inspired book, we think he might then be justified in asking for more revelations. But he does not believe the Bible to be the word of God. It seems to me that it would make no difference to Mr. Ingersoll if there were a dozen inspired records, he would be an infidel just the same. The fact that God has revealed other inspired records, in Mr. Ingersoll's own day, has not made a believer of him. Take for instance the Book of Mormon, a record brought forth in fulfillment of prophecy,† by the ministering of angels, and confirmed by the voice of God Himself and other incontrovertible evidence, yet this inspired record has not been accepted by Mr. Ingersoll; he remains an infidel still.

Again, Mr. Ingersoll complains because there is but one straight and narrow path leading to the kingdom of God. How many ways I wonder would Mr. Ingersoll have made had he been chosen to devise the plan of salvation? He certainly would have made more than one since he complains that there is but one. He would have made a way for the rich, a way for the poor, a way for the believer, a way for the infidel; in brief, he would have made the plan of salvation so broad as to suit all the different opinions, ideas and notions which might enter into the minds of men. But man's ways are not the ways of God; His thoughts are as high above the thoughts of men as the heavens are above the earth. Christ and His apostles taught but one plan of salvation; Messiah marked out one straight and narrow

path in which His followers were to walk. There was no exception. The learned, rich and exalted ruler Nicodemus was told that he "must be born again," the same as the poorest and the humblest of his subjects. Prince and peasant are the same in the sight of God; there is no royal road for a favored few. One of the greatest compliments that was conferred upon Christ was when His enemies came to Him and said, "Master, we perceive that thou doest not regard the person of any man."

Look at the condition of the "Christian" world today. See the people divided and subdivided into a thousand sects, each walking in his own way, and denouncing his neighbor as a heretic. This is the condition that Mr. Ingersoll would have brought about by establishing more than one way, more than one gospel.

What a pleasing sight it would be to see all sects and parties united in one body, as the members of one family, all speaking the same thing, and loving each other as brethren! *W. A. M.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

POLLY AND THE FOG.

ONE of Uncle Sam's most faithful servants in the State of Maine, but one that draws no salary, lives at the Portland Head light-house. It is a large, gray parrot, brought from Africa some time ago, and presented to the keeper of the light. The bird soon noticed that when the fog began to blow in from the ocean somebody would cry out, "Fog coming; blow the horn." One day the fog suddenly began to come in thick, and the men did not notice it. But Poll did, and croaked out, "Fog coming; blow the horn." Ever since then, whenever fog is perceptible, Poll gives warning.

† Psa. 85: 8, 11. Isa. 45: 8; Isa. 29: 4, 11, 14, 18.

Our Little Folks.

INDIAN RELICS.

"At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Making arrow-heads of jasper,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony."

Perhaps there are very few children who have attended the city schools this last year who do not know where these lines of poetry are from. They will remember from what they have learned about Mr. Longfellow's "Hiawatha" that the different kind of arrow-heads are mentioned or spoken of in more places than this one. Indeed arrow-heads should play a very important part in almost every story that might be written about Indian life, because, as all know, the leading occupation of the "red skins" is hunting; and before they came in contact with white men, and even for a long time after, they used the bow-and-arrow in the place of fire arms. It is not at all uncommon for the Indians to use that weapon at the present time.

The plain, wooden arrow is a rather harmless weapon to "bring down" a deer or to kill almost any of our wild animals, so the savages shaped pieces of flint or other glass-like stones into convenient shapes and fastened them into the points of the wooden arrows, thus giving very hard points to the arrows. These hard flint or stone points are what we call arrow-heads.

Arrows of this kind were not used for killing the different kinds of animals only; we know it is the Indian's nature to live in tribes, that these tribes were usually in a state of war. At frequent times they engaged in bloody battle, and in these fights or battles the bow-

and-arrow and the war-club were the two principal weapons.

Now, to make these arrows still more effective the savages would often poison them, that is, they would dip the point of the arrow into some poison, usually that obtained from the poison bags of the rattle-snake. If but a small scratch was made in the animal or man with a poisoned arrow, the poison from the arrow meant almost certain death to the creature.

There are probably no children in Salt Lake over the age of ten, but are thoroughly familiar with the fact that about fifty years ago the savage Indians were the only people who lived in our beautiful mountain lands, but how many know that scattered all through our fair state and even in parts of our beautiful city the remains or relics of those savages can be found today? But a few days ago the writer chanced to find an arrow-head of flint near ninth west and fourth south streets of Salt Lake City, and near sixth west and eighth south streets is a knoll from which a great number of arrow-heads and pieces of pottery have been taken. But perhaps the most fruitful camp within the city limits is the one about two blocks west of the Davis School. From this deserted camp the pupils of the Davis Sohool, last fall, obtained quite a large collection of arrow heads of different kinds and shapes, together with a great many pieces of broken pottery. A mortar and two pestles were also found, one of the pestles being broken.

To the west of this camp is a small pond. Two boys while fishing were wading through this pond and stepped on a rock. The curious boys picked the stone up from the water and took it to their school; it was the head of an

Indian war-club. These heads the Indians tied on the end of a short stick or club with a piece of raw-hide. The savages used these war-cubs in battles with the Indians of other tribes.

Another camp that should be mentioned is the one in the north-west corner of the city, on Baldwin's farm. The most unique relic taken to the Davis School during the year was found here. It is a stone chipped so as to represent a deer. This piece of Indian art-work was presented to his teacher by Simeon Baldwin.

Delbert W. Paratt.

RELIEF THROUGH PRAYER.

In the year 1895, we lived in Mona. My father had work at the dam of an irrigation company. He thought it best to run home at night so he could rest his body, for he was getting well up in years. And traveling back and forth the first week he was all right. While returning on the evening of the seventh day the horse started to run, and my father was thrown out of the cart.

It happened to be in the neighborhood of a house, and a man on horseback witnessed the scene. The first my father knew was, that he found himself standing between two men, and one of them asked him if he could, by their assistance, go into the house. By a hard struggle he was taken there, and was permitted to stay over night.

By examination of his body, it was discovered that his collar bone was broken and three ribs bruised, and the back of his left side hurt very badly. He was told after he got well that it happened in this way: The straps that held up the shafts gave way and the shafts struck the ground so suddenly that it raised the cart up in the air, and threw my father some distance ahead,

and he alighted on a large bunch of sage-brush.

After he had suffered four weeks night and day (for he could not lie down to rest for that length of time) his side had swelled considerably.

One night as he sat in agony he moaned so loud he awoke me, and I asked what was the matter.

He told me he was in such pain that he could not endure it if he did not get relieved. He asked me to come up and rub the sore place with oil, and he would ask the Lord to heal him. I got up and did as he said, and he told the Lord that He had promised His children that He would not lay any greater burdens upon them than they were able to bear, and asked the Lord to remove the pain from him. At once he told me it was enough, for he felt the pain leave the sore place and go up towards his left shoulder, and from there it followed the nerves through the arm and hand and left through all five ends of the fingers. As soon as the pain had left him he lay down for the first time in four weeks and slumbered peacefully.

He praised the Lord for His kindness and mercy towards him. He has had many manifestations of the goodness of God towards him, of which I may write later on. I was but eleven years of age when this happened and did not feel capable to write about it before now.

Annie N. Westring.

AN ADVENTURE WITH INDIANS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 516.)

THEY cut the harness from the wounded horse, just leaving the collar. Taking the wagon cover off, they emptied the flour on the ground; cut the feather bed tick and scattered all the feathers; threw the dishes out of the

wagon, breaking all but one plate, and that my mother has now. They took all the clothing.

While they were destroying things in the wagon, an old brother with an ox team who had been traveling with father and mother, arrived at the top of the hill and saw the Indians. He might have been all right if he had gone back himself, at once; but he ran around his steers to drive them back, and the Indians saw him and followed him back into the hills about a mile and killed him.

Just before my uncle and aunt reached the ridge, two men came to them, who had been sent out as a picket guard to watch the stock and keep the Indians from getting it. They said that while they were sitting in a bunch of willows to eat their dinner, the Indians came out of the canyon, and seated themselves and held a council close to where they were hid in the willows. One of the men had a dog with him, and he sat and held to its mouth to keep it from making a noise, so the Indians would not find them. These men told them the Indians had made a raid on the settlement. Passing on through the hills, my uncle and aunt came across the body of the brother whom the Indians had killed. When they reached the top of the hill, they could see the wagon and the wounded horse lying by it. Then they thought my father and mother were killed. But they were still hidden in the willows, and could hear my aunt crying. Father crawled and looked out, and could see there were four persons; they thought the two men must be Indians, and dared not go to them. It was getting dark, and they had lain there since two o'clock. They got out of the willows and started for the settlement by another route. And they

reached home about an hour after my uncle and aunt had arrived. It was quite late in the evening, they were both bare headed and my mother's clothes were frozen stiff. Her little brother had gone to sleep, and father had taken off his jacket and wrapped it around him. When they entered the house it was full of people. And it was a happy meeting, for they had all supposed my father and mother were killed.

Mabel Nelson, aged 14 years.

SPRING CITY, UTAH.

POETRY.

The Robin.

Robin sings her song so clear,
Builds her nest, so dear, so dear!
In the spring time of the year,
Builds her nest, so dear, so dear!
Lays her eggs in her neat nest,
That dear robin, red of breast;
Raises little birdies, too,
That will sweetly sing for you.

Hugo E. Anderson, aged 8 years.

—
OGDEN, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I hope this poetry don't go where my papa says most all spring poetry goes.

(For one of his age, Hugo has done remarkably well in his poetry about the robin; and should be encouraged to write more.)

L. L. G. R.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL.

BUNKERVILLE, LINCOLN CO., NEVADA.

DEAR LETTER BOX: Seeing no stories in the JUVENILE from here, I thought I would write about our Sunday School.

It was organized in a willow bowery on the 9th of January, 1877, eighteen members being present. It has been reorganized three different times. Our last superintendent was put in about the year 1882, and has taken charge up to date. He has two assistants. Our Sunday School is now held in a rock building, thirty-four by fifty feet, built for the purpose of public gatherings. Sunday School commences at 10 a. m. It has improved and increased greatly since it was organized. There are now enrolled about one hundred and thirty-six officers and members. Our exercises commence first by singing, after which a prayer is offered, and another hymn is rendered.

The sacrament is then administered, after which the classes go to their different places of recitation.

The school is divided into five classes; namely: first, the kindergarten class; second, the primary; third, the first intermediate; fourth, the second intermediate; and fifth, the theological class consisting of advanced members. After one and a half hours' instruction from the teacher and members of the class, it is dismissal time.

The roll is then called and another hymn is rendered.

The school is then closed by prayer.

Your Friend,

Lucina Lee.

SISTER LUCINA: The description you give of your Sunday School is a fair one of the Latter-day Saints' Sunday Schools in general. But you fail to mention the reading of the minutes; and also the playing of music while the classes are being arranged in order for their lessons, and passing out after dismissal.

L. L. G. R.

FOR THE LETTER-BOX.

FARMINGTON, UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER BOX.—I go to Sunday School and like my teacher very much. We have learned about Jesus Christ, and about Lehi when he took his people into the wilderness. Our teachers' names are John S. Carlton and John C. Manning and Nellie Moon. I will close my letter hoping to see it in print.

Lettie Barkdull, age, 10 years.

PLAIN CITY, UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER BOX.—It is my first attempt to write to you. I was 12 years old on September the 8th. I have three brothers and five sisters. I go to Sunday School and to the public school. My teacher's name is Walter Bramwell, and my Sunday School teacher's name is Clarissa Folkman; she is a good teacher and we all like her very much.

Joan Geddes.

PLAIN CITY, WEBER CO., UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: I was 12 years old on the 19th of last February. I am a member of the Church, was baptized when I was 8 years old. I like Sunday School very much.

I have four brothers and three sisters; the youngest is a little boy whom we all love very much. I would like to write again.

Gertrude Pause.

MANASSA, COLORADO.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I think a great deal of the little letters. We live on a farm two miles from town. I went to school four months last fall and winter. Then I had to stop going to school, and help papa to put in a crop. My sister and brother still went to school. We have four work horses. My father

drills the grain in while I harrow the land. I pray that the Lord will bless us all.

Augustus Smith, age 11 years.

—
COLLINS, COLORADO.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I am a little girl eight years old, and I am a little Mormon. Elder C. R. Jones baptized me on the eighth of last December.

Edna Carlow.

—
DUNCAN, GRAHAM CO., ARIZONA.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: Last December I was taken sick, and for many weeks I could not walk about nor help myself. My papa and mamma had to help me, and the Elders came and administered to me, and at last, through the power and blessings of God I got well. I go to Sunday School and meeting at Franklin, about five miles from here.

Barbara A. Packer, aged 12 years.

—
PLEASANT GROVE, UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX.—I want to tell you about my little sister who was very sick. My papa went to Fast Meeting and asked the Bishop to pray for our little sister, Ella May, and she got better right away. I think we ought to be very good when the Lord is so very good to us.

I have three sisters and one brother: Louisa, Ella May, Edward and Jeania. Louisa and I go to Sunday School and day school and primary.

Sarah Ogden, age 8 years.

THE INDIANS.

THINKING perhaps some of the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR would like to hear something about the Indians, I will try to tell of those where I live. There are three tribes around here, the

Utes, Piutes and Navajos. I will tell you about the Navajos first.

They live mostly on the south side of the San Juan River. They live in wigwams which are made of green cotton wood in the summer, and roofed over with dirt in the winter, with a hole in the top to let out the smoke. The Navajos have long, black hair, and tie it up at the back of their heads. They have their ears pierced when very young, and wear large earrings in them. They are very fond of beads and always have a profusion of them. Some of them make very nice silver rings.

Last summer the Indians raised many large water-melons, and squashes. And much corn, which they sold to the white people.

They raise many goats and sheep; they get milk from the goats and wool from the sheep, and make many very nice blankets which they sell.

There is one man called Maneto, which means "little hands;" he and his family live in a log house. They buy dishes and table linens at the store.

The Utes and Piutes differ greatly from the Navajos. They do not dress the same. The Ute squaws have short hair and let it hang loose; the men have theirs long and braided in two braids. Their houses are like the Navajos. As a general rule the Utes are not as smart as the Navajos and do not care so much to be civilized.

The squaws of both tribes do most of the hard work. The Ute squaws get their living by chopping wood, turning washers and scrubbing floors, for which they get flour, sugar, coffee, etc. The Utes take choke-cherries and grind them up, then dry them for bread. I suppose this makes hard bread, but does well for them when they can get nothing better. Both tribes are very supersti-

tious and think it might kill them to look in a looking-glass.

Lucretia Lyman.

BLUFF CITY, SAN JUAN CO., UTAH.

OLD FRANCISCO.

OLD FRANCISCO, as he was called, was a Navajo Indian. The Navajo Indians are located in the northwest corner of New Mexico and the northeast corner of Arizona. They were at one time a very wild and ferocious tribe but at the present they are becoming civilized to some extent. Prior to his death Francisco had lived for twenty years close to a small Mormon settlement called Ramah, in New Mexico. He was an influential man among the natives and after the Saints settled in that place he became a great peace-maker, and a source of protection to the people from the Apache tribe which is located in the eastern central part of Arizona. For a long time past the Apaches have been very ferocious and war-like, and today at times they get on the war-path and commit a good deal of mischief and plundering among the scattered settlements and ranches. In early days at times they would come over into the Zuni mountains to fight and invade the Navajos, and they were somewhat quarrelsome with the white settlers; but if they were aware that the settlers were Mormons they were always friendly. Old Francisco taught the Saints to put out signs in sight that the Apaches might know who they were without coming close to the houses. In this and many other ways he was a great help to the Saints.

The old Indian died about the middle of August, 1897. He died in a sweat house. The Navajos' mode of bathing or cleansing is by sweating their bodies.

The house for the purpose is made of posts, covered with brush and dirt so as to make it close on all sides. The only opening is a small door, which is filled or closed with a blanket. A fire is made in the house to heat it. The fire is then taken out and the bather goes in and hangs a blanket over the door. After remaining there a certain length of time, he then comes out and jumps into a pool of water which is close by. He soon comes out of the water and the bath is over. Just after the old man went into the sweat house, his companion, who was waiting outside, asked three or four times if he was all right. Receiving no reply, he became alarmed, and took down the blanket and looked in. He was surprised and alarmed to find the old man dead. He was buried by his white friends of Ramah, as the Indians were afraid to touch him, on account of their superstition, or strange belief.

In many cases if one of the tribe dies in the hut they leave him there and kill a sheep or two, perhaps a horse and the favorite dog, as most of them have one, and put these in the hut with the corpse. They also put in his saddle, bridle, gun blankets, jewelry, beads, and all other small articles he would be apt to carry with him. This must be done according to their tradition, so that when he gets to the other land he will have some property. When this is done they shut up the hut tight and leave the place never to return unless they have to.

It is not enough that your labors be abundant and earnest but they must at the same time be wisely and prudently directed, if you would accomplish the greatest amount of good.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

PRIMARY SONG.

WORDS BY WM. A. MORTON.

MUSIC BY E. BEESLEY.

1. Come now, lit - tle children, Let us cease from play, And with joy - ful
2. Je - sus loved the children; When on earth be - low, In His arms He

spir-its Haste to Prl - mary. God, our Heavenly Father, Is so good and took them, The Bi-bie tells us so. Though He is in heaven, He sees us to-

kind, We should love and serve Him With our heart and mind,
day, As we sing His prai - ses In our Pri - ma - ry.

CHORUS.

Then come a-way, come to Pri - ma - ry to-
come away, come away,

day; And in prayer and songs of love, Praise the Lord who dwells above.
today. And in prayer and songs of love,

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"MONEY BACK" IF YOU DON'T LIKE THEM.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

(When writing please mention this paper.)



CURRENT TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT JULY 17th, 1898.

LEAVES SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	8:30 a. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	7:40 p. m.
No. 6—For Bingham, Mt. Pleasant, Manti, Belknap, Richfield and all intermediate points	8:00 a. m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points	5:00 p. m.
No. 3—For Ogden and the West	9:05 p. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the West	12:30 p. m.
No. 42—Leaves Salt Lake City for Park City and intermediate points at	8:25 a. m.

ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 1—From Bingham, Provo, Grand Junction and the East	12:20 p. m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East	9:00 p. m.
No. 5—From Provo, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Richfield, Manti and all intermediate points	5:25 p. m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the West	8:20 a. m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the West	7:30 p. m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points	10:00 a. m.
No. 41—Arrives from Park City and intermediate points at	6:50 p. m.

Only line running through Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars from Salt Lake City to San Francisco, Salt Lake City to Denver via Grand Junction, and Salt Lake City to Kansas City and Chicago via Colorado points.

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Don't wait to consult until you can't see well. It's little things that count—a little headache, a few spots, burning sensations. These are the warnings to be heeded.

It is better too early than too late.

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EASTERN EXCURSIONS

VIA



The Rio Grande Western Railway makes announcement of the following eastbound excursions:

Indianapolis and return ... \$44.55 on August 17-18-19.
Omaha and return 32.00 on August 20.
Omaha and return 32.00 on August 26.
Cincinnati and return 44.60 on September 1-2-3.
Omaha and return 32.00 on September 9.
Omaha and return 32.00 on September 21.
Also a daily round trip rate of \$48.00 to Omaha.



The Rio Grande Western operates two fast trains to Omaha, etc., daily.

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Our Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla with Iodide or Potassium, the best known blood purifier only 75c a bottle.

Beef Iron and Wine 75c for a full pint bottle will make you fat. Victor's Little Liver Pills cures chronic constipation and will put you in a good humor.

Our Witch Hazel Toilet Cream keeps the skin from chapping 25c. For indigestion take Victor's Anti-Dyspeptic Powder it will restore the appetite by insuring perfect digestion of the food.

LION DRUG STORE 3rd. South and State St.

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Suits Made to Order from \$15 and Up.

Nothing neater, or more lasting, or better fitting in stylish suits can be made than is made by a skillful and experienced tailor. We don't claim to be the only tailors on earth, but we believe there is not a tailor East or West who can turn out anything better in the suit line than we can. Experience is one thing in our favor, especially in the cutting, which is the most difficult thing in tailoring. Full Dress Suits a specialty.

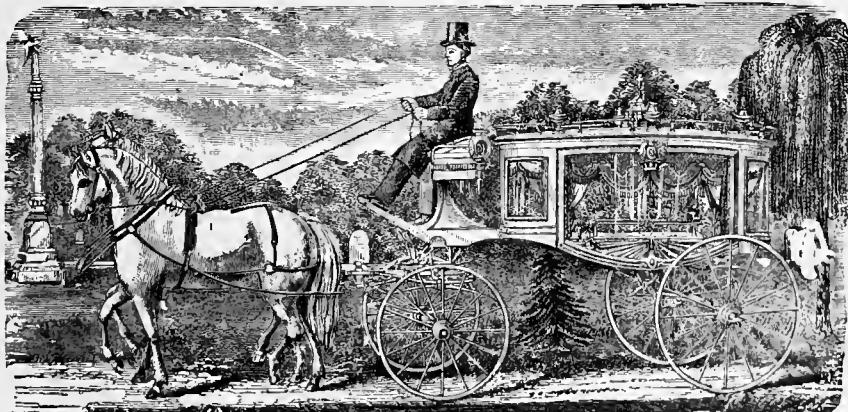
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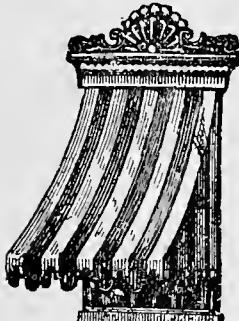
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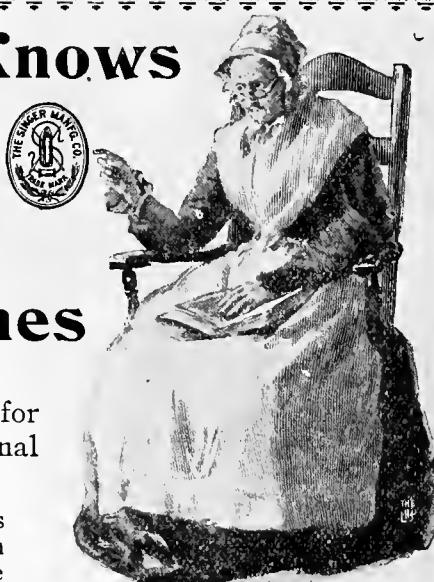
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三、在“五·四”運動中，我們的學生運動是怎樣的？

THE STATE OF UTAH.